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# Locked In A Room: Underwater



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## Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

A loud noise of something breaking. A howl. Sound of running water.

You expected to wake up in your own bed; instead, you wake up on a bare mattress laid on the floor inside a small cabin. There's no windows and a big metal door. The door is closed, yet you notice that a tiny stream of water gets into your cabin from under the door.

As you search your memory for any explanation of this, water starts to rise and now touches your ankles.

## Chapter 2 by Selena Raynee



First of all, you panic.

You literally freeze and stare at the water rushing in from under the door.

Then, you explore your surroundings, finding a crooked wooden cupboard, a rusty metal chair (really, who makes chairs out of metal?), a mattress you've slept on and a heavy metal barrel.

You try to open the door, but it seems to be jammed or locked from the outside.

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You straighten the wooden cupboard; it was leaning oddly to the right. When you do so, there is the sound of something sliding down inside. You open the cupboard to find a screwdriver. Remembering something you saw earlier, you examine the heavy metal barrel to find a small, circular cover near floor level attached by screws to the barrel's body. You unscrew the cover and it falls to the floor. A colourful, dry substance like sand begins to pour from the hole in the barrel and mixes with the water. The water begins to turn pink.

## Chapter 4 by Selena Raynee



You trot in pink water for a while and then notice that it's harder to move about: water starts to jellify.

You climb on top of the barrel. In several minutes no water is able to rush in from under the door and the floor is covered in thick layer of wobbly murky pink... something? You don't want to call it jelly, because you like jelly treats.

Relieved that your trousers didn't turn into jellified trousers, you tell yourself to ignore the nagging feeling of wet cloth clinging to your skin.

You sit on a barrel and wonder whether jellified floor would support your weight. Then you turn your attention to the handy screwdriver. There seems to be an engraving of some sort on it.

## Chapter 5 by intellikat



It's strange that you hadn't noticed it before, but then you begin to think that the tool has gone through some chemical transformation in relation to the pink... aw, hell, let's just call it jelly and be done with it. Some chemical transformation in relation to the pink jelly. The engraved words seem to pulse slightly with a faint pink luminescence. Looking closer, you make out "press here to light", which you of course do. From the tip of the screwdriver leaps a tiny flame, and you simply hold it for a moment with reverence. And then, a bit of jelly that has clung to your forearm gets a bit too close, and flares up. The heat is intense, but brief as the jelly burns up immediately and entirely. You realise that the jelly is highly flammable, and your finger slides off the engraved bit. The flame goes out again.

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At a point when you thought that this could not get any crazier...

Massive raccoons.

### Chapter 7 by myGrundle



...one of them holding a key. The key pulsed with the color of pink luminescence as well and it pulsed in sync with the screwdriver lighter I now had.

I needed the key, of course. Every game has a door, somewhere, that needs a key, so I was going to have to wrestle it from him. But the creature merely stayed put. The pulsing key and screwdriver seemed to have hypnotized it. The others retreated back a few yards. I reached out and slipped it right out of its claws. It reanimated and jumped back to join the others. They only stared at me. They didn't chatter at me or appear frightened and I had to row pass them if I was going to leave here. With the broom/oar, I begin to row, passing them on the bank.

### Chapter 8 by intellikat



What the fupp? This was some crazy jacked-up shnap. A cabin... in an ATTIC in the cabin, rowing on top of a BARREL to a door, and through the door there are massive raccoons in the hallway, which is actually designed to appear like a RIVERBANK... what the shnippss? Where the hungus was I?

Suddenly, I recognised the familiar strains of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and a blinding light burst from the end of the hallway. I rowed like crazy and burst myself from the hallway into the glorious light of a river with cottages along both sides. Music was playing, people were cheering. I rowed myself to the bank and was helped off the barrel by a bearded man.

"Congratulations! You have escaped 'Locked In A Room: Underwater (Sort Of)' the Ride(tm)!  
May I see your key, pleeeeease?"

I handed the man the key I had taken from the raccoon and a woman with well-formed breasts guided me toward an archway surrounded by people dressed as raccoons

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We went through the archway, and there, rotating on a giant dais was a MacLaren 650S in luminescent pink. The crowd went wild and the bearded man unlocked the door with ease. The woman motioned for me to enter, and then got in on the other side. I could not believe my luck.

"You have escaped in under 7 minutes. A new record, in fact!" shouted the man, a bit too loudly.

I started the vehicle and rolled down a ramp and through a final archway into the world outside. The woman at my side held my bicep in a tiny embrace.

"Can we go to Dairy Queen?" she asked.

"Yes, darling. We certainly can," I replied, pressing down the accelerator.

And that... is how I met your mother.

**the end**

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